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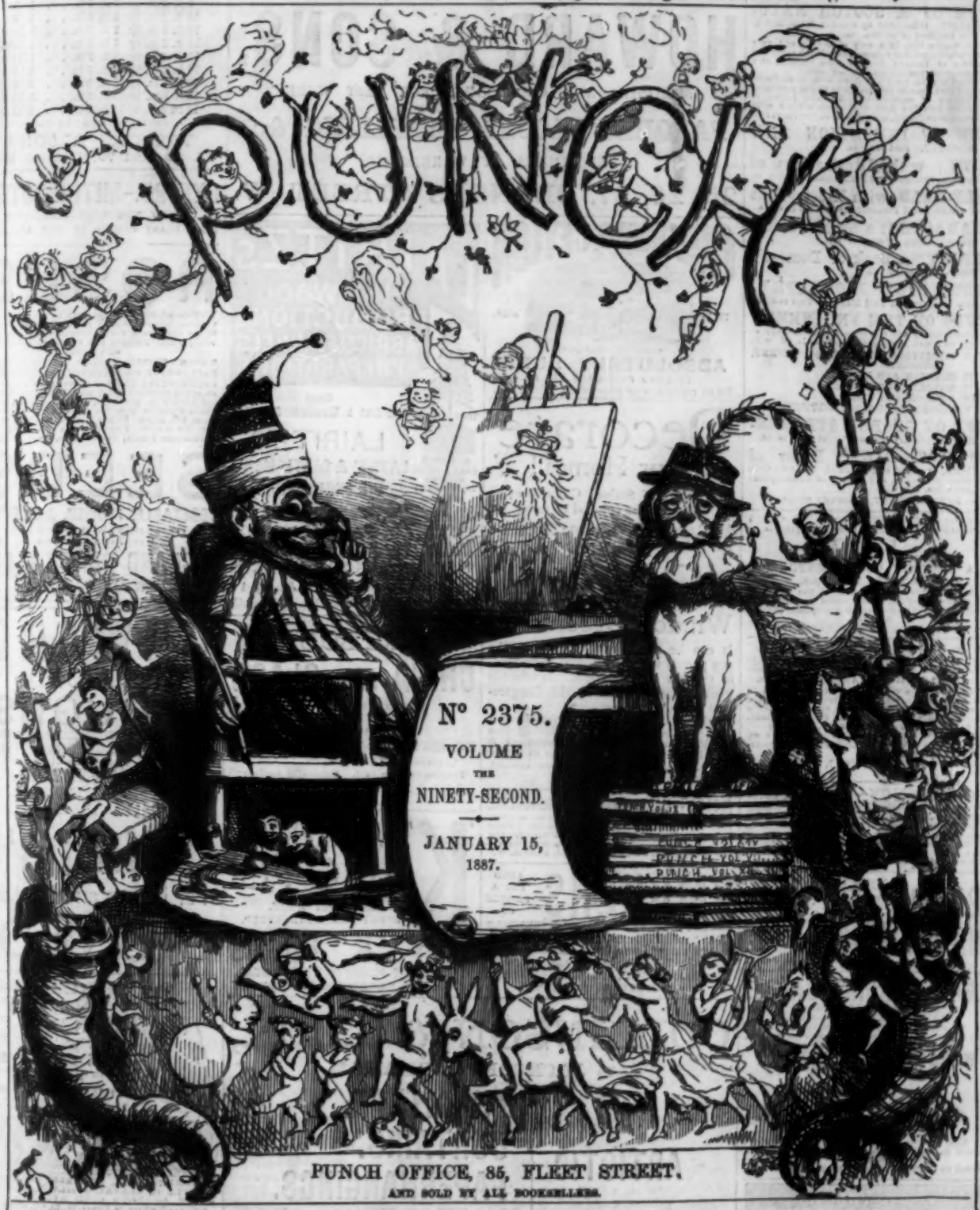

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THE CLOWN'S LAMENT.

WHAT has become of your fun and frivolity?
Where is the laughter that lifted the roof?
Gone are the highest of jinks and of jollity,
Holiday spirits are under the proof!
Where is the merriment blue devils banishing,
Sending a thrill through the heart of the town?
Gone with old friends everlastingly vanishing—
This is the weary Lament of the Clown!

Pantomime past, can we never recover it,
See it again in its glory alive?
If under down-trodden grass we discover it,
Who will have faith in the past to revive?
Is there no magic once more to restore to us
Laughter of little ones? childhood of man?
Can it be true that sweet fancy 's a bore to us?
Who placed the fairy tales under a ban?

Ah! for the days when the curtain unclosed to us
Regions of mystery, demon and sprite!
Who can forget how all Fairyland posed to us,
Some in pink tarlatane, others in white!
Those were the times when the giant's voice stormed to us
Out of a mask of Dykwynkyn renown;
Happy the hour when the fairy transformed to us
Silly young farmer to jolly old Clown!

Then came a voice pealing out from the gallery,
"Give us, old friend, of '*Hot Codlins*' a taste.
'*Tippitiwitchet!*'—it's all in your salary—
Tip us a stave, you old rascal! make haste!"
Who could be weary when slides were a-buttering?
Days of hot poker and sausage galore!
Out, neck and crop, they 'd have turned a fool muttering,
"Don't you think Harlequinades are a bore?"

If it be true that *mutantur* our *tempora*,
That *nos et mutamur in illis* as well,
Far better to call for a halter of hemp or a
Gallows to strangle the past as a sell!
Tradition lies dead, with a pall for a covering
Of satins and silks and fantastic brocade;
But over its gorgeous bier there are hovering
Ghosts of delight that new fashion has laid!

Where is the end to this jewelled magnificence,
Gorgeous processions, and money in heaps?
Cannot a pantomime fairy's beneficence
Change it as quick as a Harlequin leaps?
Is there no hope that, remote as a star away,
A dynasty banished will rule us again?
Recalling our vanished companions from far away,
That innocent laughter may ring through the Lane!

One cheer for the past, when its perfume is toast to us!
GRIMALDI and FLEXMORE, their spirits are free;
But the soul of pure Pantomime never is lost to us,
When merry TOM MATTHEWS lives down by the sea!
So in bumpers of port that is nutty and nourishing,
Let us toast to their names and their deathless renown,
And in days when the last of the PAYNES is still flourishing,
Let us claim a reprieve for the Jolly Old Clown!

BUMBLE AT BAY.

SIR,—Your Correspondents, who complain of the "apathy and imbecility of all the London Vestries in dealing with the snow nuisance," can hardly be aware of the facts with regard to the parish which I have the honour to represent. The recent heavy snow-fall took place between eight and ten on a Sunday evening, and in the incredibly short space of *thirty-six hours from that time* my Vestry had not only met to consider what should be done, but actually exhausted themselves so much in discussing the subject that refreshments of a rather expensive character had to be supplied to them at the cost of the ratepayers! What, Sir, was the result of this public-spirited action? Why, in the course of the *very next day* fifteen infirm old men and an orphan lad were engaged as scavengers, attracted by the promise of the really munificent wages of one-shilling-and-sixpence for a day's work of twelve hours. Is it fair to blame the Vestry if these men proved so hopelessly inefficient that a deputation of indignant ratepayers called at the Vestry Hall, and threatened to lynch the office-boy—the only official then on the premises? Is it just to point out that ten times the number of men ought to have been hired, or to make unfeeling allusions to the fact that all the fifteen were found drunk in the gutter, and that the orphan lad most ungratefully ran away with the wheelbarrow and spade that were supplied to him, and has not been seen since? Certainly not, at least in the opinion of

Yours obediently, SIMON SLOWCOACH,
Clerk to the Guzzlington Vestry.

SIR,—The Vestry which I belong to can hardly be accused of slackness in the matter of using snow-ploughs. A timber-merchant, whose brother is on the Vestry, kindly consented to construct twenty *at the low price of one hundred pounds a-piece*, and the Chairman, who is himself an eminent Contractor, generously offered to supply teams of four horses for each plough, at the moderate rate of *ten pounds a team per diem!* Not only has all the snow in our parish been cleared away (at the cost to the ratepayers of a mere bagatelle of three thousand pounds, so far), but the ploughs were of such a powerful nature that, through some trifling error in their construction, a good deal of the wood pavement in our main thoroughfares has also been scraped up, and rendered totally unfit for traffic. The relaying of the wood will give employment to hundreds of workmen for some time to come, under the able superintendence of one of the Vestry, who happens to be Managing Director of the "Patent Compressed Sawdust Paving Company, Limited." The publication of these facts ought to put a stop to the croakings of penurious ratepayers, and show the Vestry, besides, what an admirable (and insufficiently remunerated) Surveyor they possess in

Yours, TIMOTHY TAXEM.
For the Vestry of the Parish of St. Jobbery's, Hanwell Square.

SIR,—Nobody can regret more than my Vestry does the fact that the method of stacking the mingled snow and refuse of the streets in front of private houses, and leaving it there for weeks, should be a source of annoyance to the various residents in different parts of London who have written to complain on the subject. But I can assure them that in course of time they will learn to regard the snow-heaps as quite picturesque, and when the summer comes they will most probably disappear. Of course, if fatal accidents happen because cabmen *will* drive up against these snow-heaps on dark nights, that is not the fault of the Vestry. Your Correspondent, "SPLASHED FROM HEAD TO FOOT," who writes angrily about the system of "lining the roads with ramparts of sloshy snow," is evidently either a sufferer from confirmed biliousness or a disguised member of the Municipal Reform League, and does not require any answer from

Yours, &c., URIAH HEEP.
General Manager of the Local Authority for Spattersea.

LAPSUS CALAMI.—A slip has been sent us as an extract from the *Press News*, purporting to give "recollections" concerning the "First Editorial Staff" of *Punch*. It is "a slip," indeed!—a slip of the memory of the worthy individual who compiled it, as most of the statements are absurdly inaccurate. One example will suffice,—it records how TENNIEL, MARK LEMON, DU MAURIER, DOUGLAS JERROLD, the Brothers MAYHEW, all regularly, and with them SHIRLEY BROOKS and DICKENS, and others occasionally, dined at the Sussex Head Hotel every Saturday. Well, first, these Saturday "business dinners" were in the earliest days of *Punch*, in 1841. Secondly, Mr. TENNIEL didn't join till 1851, when these particular dinners had ceased. Thirdly, Mr. DU MAURIER, at the time he is said to have been enjoying the society of DOUGLAS JERROLD, TENNIEL (who wasn't there), and so forth, was about eight years old. Perhaps, being very precocious, he stole out of the nursery. Lastly, SHIRLEY BROOKS was not a Member of the Staff till some time afterwards. It is doubtful whether DICKENS was ever present at one of the regular "*Punch* business dinners"; he might, perhaps, have been there once; but "PHIZ," KNIGHT, BARHAM, HOOD, AINSWORTH, were never at these dinners, and only foregathered with the *Punch* men on "off" nights.

INSCRIPTION ON A STONE—"R.A."—These letters mark him as a precious stone. MARCUS was elected for his artistic merits and social qualities; that is, they wouldn't have chosen this Stone if he hadn't been a regular brick.

Mrs. RAM says that at Olympia the Roman Charioteers are in classic costume, with fillets on their heads and saddles on their feet.

"THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES," &c.

The Bishop. "I HOPE YOUR GRANDCHILDREN LIKED THE CIRCUS, LADY GODIVA. THAT WAS A WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE OF MLLE. PETITPAS ON THE BARE-BACKED STEED, WASN'T IT?"

Lady Godiva. "YES—A—BUT I DISLIKE THOSE BARE-BACKED PERFORMANCES. THEY 'RE SO RISKY, YOU KNOW!"

UNWELCOME GUESTS.

By an Unwilling Host.

"Many people like to pose as 'hosts,' but not in the sense of being feasted upon by germs and parasites—a sense in which the term is understood by Zoologists and Physicians."—*Dr. Morrison's "Notes on Consumption."*

TRUE, genial Doctor! Curious use of terms,
To call him "host" who 's feasted on by germs!
With horror it must fill us,
To think that hospitality's New Years' guests
May be nought else than parasitic pests,—
Bacterium or *Bacillus*.

'Tis pleasant though to know it is your practice,
Bacterium Termo or *Bacterium Lactis*,
(Most grateful, pray, suppose us)
Germs, gentle, harmless, that won't hurt or kill us,
To pit against that horrible *Bacillus*,
That 's called *Tuberculosus*.

To those who are not up in learned tongues,
'Tis hardly nice to picture their poor lungs
A field for germ-contention.
Latinised parasites perchance to you
Have many charms; *we* feel we 'd rather do
Without their intervention.

Still, if to such strange guests we must be "hosts,"
We trust you 'll justify CANTANI's boasts,
And make them few, not many,—
Nay, rather that *Bacteria* and *Bacilli*
May kill each other out, Sir, willy-nilly,
Like cats of famed Kilkenny.

"THE Benjamin Hatfield Lodge of the Original Grand Order of the Total Abstinent Sons of the Phœnix." There 's a title for a Benefit Society which won't allow its members to take a little wine, even when the port is ordered by the Doctor. If the Doctor who gives such advice to one of these patients depends on his patient's Society for his money, the reply will probably be, that the sick member who broke the rules by taking a little alcoholic sip-port, was one of the sons of the "*Fee-nix*."

BLACK 's WHITE.—Mr. WILLIAM BLACK won an action for libel the other day, and proved that he wasn't so Black as he had been painted. He left the Court with *White Wings*. Why did he fash himself? his fair fame extends far beyond the sound of Bow Bells.

A WINTER GARDEN.

FAT children, and food-stuffs, and holly,
The tributes of Art to his sway,
And the struggle all round to be jolly,
Have vanished with Christmas away.

But, true to the season, the weather
Has banded again with the Parks,
To start on the war-path together
For a glacial epoch of larks.

When pale snows on ice-levels glinter,
What cheer for the sun-loving souls
Who seek to escape from the winter
Unaided by skating or coals?

Though frost the broad gravel-path hardens,
The glasses are beaded with dew;
Though it 's desolate out in the gardens,
There 's life in the greenhouse at Kew.

Good-bye to the reign of December,
To boughs that are leafless and wet;
From the fires of the summer an ember
Keeps warm the chrysanthemums yet.

Narcissus and tulip and lily
The siege of the season abide,
While the fog-demons chubby and chilly
Throng thriftless and baffled outside.

They stand the dull atmosphere scorning,
Like beautiful captives arow,
As white as the mists of the morning,
Or flushing like sunset on snow—

The dress of a fairy of fashion,
Whose skirt a wet rainbow has swept;
The cheek of a pearl in a passion,
Whom a moonbeam has kiss'd while she slept.

Fast-frozen the grey grass beseeches
A token of hope for the lawn
From the high-tow'ring poplars and beeches,
The wind-whisper'd watchtow'rs of dawn.

But we turn from the climate of Sweden
To breathe the perennial balm,
Where aisles like the alleys of Eden
Are arch'd by the fronds of the palm.

And silvered, unvex'd by the raw gust,
Benignant, and happy and hot,
Is lull'd by that music of August,
The clank of the watering-pot.

Where gardeners, passive and pensive,
Their leisurely labours pursue,
And tropical trunks, comprehensive,
In charity hide them from view.

Though man, more and more, with his crass works
Profanes this sweet Goshen of trees,
Though Brentford, with whistles and gas-works,
Claims more than its share of the breeze,

So much of the fugitive Summer
Is caught in the crystalline cage,
That the thought of sweet Spring, the new-comer,
Makes mirth of Jack Frost and his rage.

The River, again, in the twilight
Gleams silvery grey like a dove,
And birds twitter clear in the shy light
That dawns upon April and love.

LORD DUNRAVEN is reported by the *St. James's Gazette* to have said to the Runcorners last week, that "he would venture to stake his head" if, in all cases in which the Union was in question, they would not find Lord RANDOLPH on the side of the Tory Government. Lord RANDOLPH is already by his own act and deed a Separatist, as he has separated himself from Lord SALISBURY's Cabinet. But, in a difficulty, it might happen that Lord DUNRAVEN would lose his head and the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer keep his. As to the value of the stake which Lord DUNRAVEN is prepared to lay down, we would not offer an opinion; but—*will he bet sixpence?*

ABSIT OMEN!—Bad title for The Onliest JONES's play at the Haymarket, *Hard Hit*. Suppose it shouldn't be any hit at all—might this change hit into *Frost?*

THE DRAFT HOUND.

Master of Hounds, loquitur :—

HUMPH! So he's here! Will he ever go back?
Call him the pick of the opposite pack,
Lent me awhile. It's exceedingly kind!
Know him of old; wasn't quite to my mind
Not so long since. Thought him most unreliable.
Still, I've had losses, and so must be pliable.
Looks a bit lonely! Would like to have had
One or two kennel-mates, eh, my old lad?
Somehow, however, that couldn't be squared;
Others hung back, but thought *you* could be spared.
Compliment, truly! Your points they could never
Appreciate fully. And yet you *are* clever!
Promising pups, like the one I've just lost,
Bring heaps of bother, involve lots of cost.
You'll fill his place in a steadier style.
Hope you'll get on with my kennel awhile.
Should have liked "Harty"; such hounds are so few! [do!
Still, you *have* points, and—I think you may

AT the annual Twelfth Night festivity given on the stage of Old Drury last Thursday, a Shakspearian actor cautiously declined the proffered slice. Quoting the reply of *Hubert*, he exclaimed, "BADDELEY I fear!" And he did not "take the cake."

PROBABLY.

Nervous Stout Gentleman (to Cabdriver). "I SAY! I SAY!"
Driver. "ALL RIGHT, GEN'ELM'N. SHE'LL BE QUIET ENOUGH *WHEN YOU'RE BOTH IN!*"

A SHILLING'S-WORTH OF OLD MASTERS.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to that Old Master, J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., and Treasurer to the Royal Academy. Never has this energetic Academical Official discharged his office with greater ability than on this occasion, when he has collected these invaluable treasures, and stored them, for the winter, under the roof of Burlington House. The very man to do this sort of thing capitally is JOHN CLOTHES HORSLEY, and well he "knew'd" it. Ahem!

The arrangements are excellent, and we may say thoroughly carried out, as on our arrival under the portico we were confronted by two splendid Constables in an excellent state of preservation. Their colour was as good as could be expected considering the atmosphere in which they were exhibited, and their tone left nothing to be desired.

After confiding our gold-stick-in-waiting to the custody of the Charon below, who has the entire control of the Styx,—a wise precaution, as so many umbrellas, canes, and crutches, if carelessly carried up-stairs, would be used as "*maul*-sticks"—we, after receiving a Catalogue from an Art-Commissioner in uniform, upon whom we bestowed a small silver medal, ascended the staircase, preceded by several people in full dress (it was uncommonly cold), and were received by the working Models, the presiding Genii of the place, who lead, what appears to our limited mortal intelligence, a monotonous existence, with "No change" from day to day, and over attracting the notice of visitors with much the same enticement that is offered by the photographer's touts to the passers-by—"This stile one shilling."

Need we say that our loyal instincts at once led us to the Third Gallery, where inspired by a happy thought for the Jubilee Year, the Providential Treasurer has hung No. 117, *The First Council of Her Majesty the Queen*, painted Sir DAVID WILKIE, R. A.—needless to say a most interesting picture—showing the youthful QUEEN looking rather pale and nervous, the Marquis of LANSDOWNE, with a very comic expression on his face, not unlike the portrait of LISTON as *Paul Pry*, and next to him the LORD CHANCELLOR frowning severely on such untimely levity, the Duke of WELLINGTON blushing and the burly Duke of SUSSEX, with his black skull-cap on, a blank piece of paper before him, and a pen in his hand, looking as though he were going to pronounce sentence and sign a death-warrant; and No. 118, *The Queen's Coronation*, where the Duke of WELLINGTON with a drawn sword stands over the kneeling QUEEN, with all the air of a Lord High Executioner awaiting the signal. This is painted by C. R. LESLIE, R. A.—No. 119, *Portrait of Her Majesty*, by Sir MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, P. R. A.—portrait of "Her" by "Shee"—and No. 120, "*Christening of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales*," where the royal infant is indeed "a bonny boy," and the Duke of WELLINGTON again appears as the executioner,—quite enough to frighten any child if he stepped forward,—but once more blushing,—he is blushing in all three pictures,—and keeping himself modestly in the background. This is by Sir GEORGE HAYTER. The group cannot help being Theatrical, as it came from Her Majesty's own The-Hayter. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS! here's your chance for three scenes of a Jubilee Drama, which shall embrace the chief events of the last fifty years.

Let's leave the Royal Young Missis and visit a few splendid Old Masters.

No. 126. Velasquez. Magnificent. "*Philip the Fourth of Spain.*" From the collection of R. S. HOLFORD. When you've feasted your eyes and taken your Phil, on you'll go to

135. Another Velasquez, just as good. "*Don Gaspar de Guzman*" (beautiful name), holding a slight, fresh-cut willow wand, or switch. He is looking out of the picture. That was his character—he was always "looking out." The sapling-wand is figurative; the celebrated statesman is saying, in the purest Castilian, "Twig!"

No. 140. A Van Dyck. Lady, evidently with pins and needles in her hand, stretching out her numbed fingers in considerable pain! It is a portrait of ANNE, Countess of Bedford. The subject would come under a heading to a Latin Grammar exercise, *An-ne, num.*

No. 144. Van Dyck. Perfect. Stern man, evidently tutor (in armour), holding a stick with one hand, and small boy, his pupil, with the other. Boy is explaining, "Please, Sir, first fault!"

No. 149. By J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. "*Venus and Adonis; or, Ought we to visit her?*" Is it true that when our Mr. HORSLEY saw it he exclaimed, "TURNER away!"

No. 152. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. PHILIP STANHOPE—or PHILIP CAN'T STANDUP. The original "Sloper."

No. 153. "*Isabella.*" By GEORGE ROMNEY. A very decided "Rum Knee." Just look!

No. 115. "*Pan and Syrinx.*" By RUBENS. Ahem! Next to this we should expect to see "*The Treasurer, R.A., rubens.*"

And last, but perhaps greatest, is No. 93. "*Portrait of Martin Looten.*" By REMBRANDT. What superb painting! But someone else had a hand in this besides Old Master REMBRANDT, and that is Old Father Time, the softener, the mellowist. Father Time is a wonderful colourist. Slow, but very sure is his method, where he has good material to work upon. And this picture, does it not tell its own story? Why, certainly. Regard it. Look at that wonderful right hand in that marvellously uncomfortable attitude. It is clutching at something over the region of the heart, and the tips of the fingers are lost in the pleats of the coat. What does this indicate but pain? A sharp stitch in his side, perhaps one of those powerful ones which, coming in time saves nine, or a spasm, or a twinge? Glance at his left hand? What do you see? A writing signed. Yes: it is a prescription. Now, cast your eye up to his face. It expresses contemptuous incredulity. He is evidently saying to his physician "I feel my pain here (*indicating it*) just as bad as ever: this prescription hasn't done me any good!" And the title? Epigrammatic and expressive, "*No Fees.*"

This is all we have time for to-day. Perhaps we may visit the place again, perhaps we mayn't. A good deal depends on any inquiry being made about a beautiful agate-headed, gold-mounted umbrella, which, in a moment of abstraction, we took out of the hands of the Guardian of the Styx, who mistook our ticket, No. 66, for No. 99. But we're an Old Master, and know what a real work of Art is. "Burlington House, adoo!" we cried, as we hurried down the steps, for we were late for tea, and we always go home to tea. At the last moment we fancy, in the distance, we hear some one calling out after us, hoarsely. But, as we are not HORSLEY, we don't stop. Once more, Old Masters, adoo!

AN EPITAPH.

IN MEMORY OF THE VISIT OF THE
BULGARIAN DELEGATES.
THEY WERE HARD TO PRONOUNCE, TRANSITORY, BUT INSINUATING.
EGGED ON AT VIENNA, SNUBBED AT BERLIN,
AND SNUFFED OUT AT PARIS,
THEY,
THOUGH BARELY SURVIVING THE HORRORS OF THE
CHANNEL PASSAGE,
ARRIVED EXPECTANT AND HOPEFUL IN THIS COUNTRY;
WHERE,
WELCOMED ON THE BACK-STAIRS OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE BY
LORD IDDESLEIGH,
ENTERTAINED AT LUNCHEON BY THE LORD MAYOR,
AND INSPECTED BY THE PREMIER AT HATFIELD,
THEY LEARNT RAPIDLY TO APPRECIATE AT ITS FULL VALUE THE
DEPTH OF THE SYMPATHY FELT BY THE BRITISH PUBLIC
FOR THEIR CAUSE, THEIR COUNTRY, AND THEMSELVES.
DRAGGED BY SOMEONE DURING THE LAST HOURS OF THEIR STAY
DOWN TO BRIGHTON, TO VISIT THE AQUARIUM,
THEY FINALLY QUITTED THESE SHORES ON FRIDAY LAST,
AWAKENED AND WISER BY SADDER MEN;
AND HAVE NOW RETURNED TO THE MIDST OF THAT DOMESTIC CHAOS
AT SOPHIA,
FROM WHICH THEY MAY PERHAPS REFLECT
THAT, ON THE WHOLE, THEY MIGHT POSSIBLY HAVE DONE BETTER
NEVER TO HAVE EMERGED.

"OH, POOR ROBINSON CRUSOE!"

As some evidence that the legitimate Harlequinade is still attractive, we can point to the one comic scene that follows the three Acts of the Hanwellian Extravaganza *Robinson Crusoe*,—which we believe was to have been called *Arthur Roberts on Crusoe*,—at the Avenue Theatre, and which for practical fun is better than anyone of them, or the whole three combined. True that Mr. WILKINSON, as Clown, is not remarkably humorous, nor is Mr. ASHLEY exceptionally comic as Pantaloon; tall Mr. FRED STOREY, though very nimble, is a storey too high for Harlequin; but Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS is inimitably droll as the Policeman, and Miss PHYLLIS BROUGHTON is the sweetest Columbine since the first one we ever saw, with whom we fell head over ears in love, and for whose *beaux yeux* we would have sacrificed oranges, toffy, and weekly allowance. Miss PHYLLIS can act prettily, *pas grand' chose*, but then when she dances a *pas* it is *grand' chose;* and, after Miss CATHERINE VAUGHAN, she has not her equal on the stage for a style which, as something between the finished performance of the highly-trained *première danseuse* of the ballet and that of the burlesque actress, has a charm peculiarly its own.

"Arthur's Show."—*Shakespeare.*

The piece is too long, and unfortunately the best of it is in the First Act and the comic scene which follows the Third Act. Mr. STOREY and Mr. ATKINS,—not our old former "WILL ATKINS," but a very comic dwarf,—are capital as the two acrobatic bailiffs. Miss WADMAN has plenty to sing, but nothing worth hearing; and even Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS' songs, in spite of his mirth-provoking business, are not particularly good. But he himself is immensely droll, and so genuinely popular, that his admiring audience laugh not only at any nonsense he says or does, but they laugh in anticipation of what it is probable he may be going to say or do. In fact, so distinctly is the success due to Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, that a first-night audience, instead of crying out, "Author! Author!" would have been justified in calling loudly, "ARTHUR! ARTHUR!"

The sole vocal and musical success is achieved by Miss LYDIA YEAMANS, who sings "*Sally in Our Alley*" so charmingly as, on the night of our visit at all events, to obtain a triple encore, so genuine, hearty, and unanimous, that it seemed as if the audience were delighted to have an opportunity of showing how thoroughly they could appreciate anything really good. There was a ring about the encores for this ballad very different from the polite and mechanical rapture exhibited on other occasions, when the singers, thinking that half "a hand" was better than no applause, had smirkingly bowed their acknowledgments and had lost no time in recommencing their ditties.

There is a show of girls of the accepted extravaganza pattern, who deliver the author's witty lines in that clear, crisp and telling manner for which the LOTTIES, TOTTIES, CONNIES, MAGGIES, and GEORGIES, are justly celebrated. We say "witty lines," as they are the production of Mr. REECE, and though we unfortunately could not catch much that was being uttered, yet, as the young ladies appeared highly delighted with what they were saying, we felt sure that what had elicited a laugh from *them* must be highly diverting, and so we smiled, simper-thetically.

Mrs. MACINTOSH, as the Queen, looks, to quote a popular classic, "very fine and large," and is ably seconded by *Jam Jam*, one of the sweetest of the suite, gracefully played by Miss JANE STEER.

When the public is tired of the quaint drolleries of Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, the grace of Miss PHYLLIS as Columbine, and the "*Sally in Our Alley*" as sung by Miss YEAMANS, it will be tired of this piece at the Avenue, and they 'll 'ave a new piece.

MANY thoughtless people, on seeing the title *Persia as it Is*, would be inclined to say, "Shah!"—but no one who looks within Dr. WILLS's book will say "Pshaw!" to its contents. The author from his long residence in the country, and his position as *hakim*, or physician, had special opportunities for observation of which he has fully availed himself. You get the genuine article in this volume—indeed a *gutta-persia* of the best quality.

LORD ROWTON is very busy just now. He has been "repeatedly calling" on everybody concerned in the recent double-shuffle, and would never take "Not at home" as an answer to his knock. He should have an addition to his title—"Lord ROWTON-'EM-UP."

M. LE COMTE GOES DEERSTALKING.

M. le Comte. "HA! QUELLE CHANCE! UN MAGNIFIQUE CERF DIX-CORS!"

Donald (the Gardener). "HI! HULLOA! MOSSOO LE COUNTY! DON'T SHOOT, SIR! IT'S *CHAMPION!* HER LADYSHIP'S TAME STAG FROM THE SOUTH. HE WANTS A BIT OF SUGAR!"

"IS THE OLD MIN FRIENDLY?"

Dickens still further adapted to Circumstances.

"The Old Min"	. .	Mr. GL-DST-NE.
Fred Trent	. . .	Sir W-LL-M H-RC-RT.
Dick Swiveller	. . .	Mr. CH-MB-RL-N.

* * * * * *

"THERE'S a friend of mine waiting outside," said the portly personage on the round table, "I'll call him in, with your leave."

Saying this he stepped to the door, and looking down the street beckoned several times to some unseen person, who, to judge from the air of impatience with which these signals were accompanied, required a great quantity of persuasion to induce him to advance. At length there sauntered up, on the opposite side of the way—with a bad pretence of passing by accident—a figure conspicuous for a certain obvious attempt at smartness, which, after a good many frowns and jerks of the head, in resistance apparently of the invitation, ultimately crossed the road, and was brought into the Council Chamber.

"There! It's DICK SWIVELLER," said the portly one, pushing him in with an air of swelling satisfaction, which sat naturally upon his sleek and complacent countenance. "Sit down, SWIVELLER."

"But is the Old Min agreeable?" said Mr. SWIVELLER in an undertone.

"Sit down," repeated his companion, *sotto voce*, "have a talk with him, and see how he takes it."

Mr. SWIVELLER complied, and looking about him with a complacent smile, observed that it *had* been fine weather for ducklings—especially daring ones—but that just now there was a deal of dust flying; he also remarked that judging from the appearance and demeanour of an Irish pig, which had come under his observation, dirty weather would probably ensue.

"But what," said Mr. SWIVELLER with a sigh, "what is the odds so long as the bonds of Union are tightened by mutual understanding, and the wing of party friendship never moults a feather! What is the odds so long as kindred spirits are brought together by means of a *modus vivendi*, and the present moment is the most dissentient of our existence!"

"You needn't play the Great Panjandrum or the Glorious Apollo *here*," suggested his friend, aside, with a glance at the aged occupant of the chair.

"FRED!" cried Mr. SWIVELLER, tapping his nose, "a word to the wise is sufficient for them. We may be good and happy without being cooks o' the walk or even Perpetual Grand Old Presidents. Say not another syllable. I know my cue; smart is the word. Only one little whisper, FRED—*is* the Old Min friendly?"

"Don't ask too many questions—yet," replied his friend.

"Right again—quite right," said Mr. SWIVELLER. "Caution is the word, and caution is the act." With that he winked with a vigour which nearly dislodged his eye-glass, and then readjusted it with solicitous care and profound gravity.

The Old Man sat in his chair apart, and, with folded hands, which retained tight hold of an official-looking document, glanced sometimes at the portly one, and sometimes at his smart companion, as if he were entirely neutral, and intended, for the present, to leave them to do pretty much as they pleased. The portly one reclined against the table, at no great distance from his friend, looking the very incarnation of combined self-complacency, and diplomatic astuteness.

The silence was not of long duration, for Mr. SWIVELLER, after favouring the party with several melodious assurances, that, though reasons of one sort or another had lately taken him to Istamboul, England, even in preference to Athens, held his heart and soul, and that he desired but to resume, on his own terms, his seat at the Table Round, "the goodliest fellowship of noble Nobs, whereof this world holds record," as a preliminary to the achievement of great feats of valour and loyalty. After these poetic prolusions, Mr. SWIVELLER removed his eyes from the ceiling, and subsided into prose again.

"FRED," said he, stopping short, as if the idea had suddenly occurred to him, and speaking in the same audible whisper as before, "*is* the Old Min friendly?"

"Oh, don't bother about that—at present," returned the portly one, pleasantly.

"No, but *is* he?" said DICK.

"Why, of course," whispered his friend, with a wink of portentous significance.

"It's a devil of a thing, Gentlemen," said Mr. SWIVELLER, "when

"IS THE OLD MIN FRIENDLY?"

(Mr. Dick Swiveller in the "Old Curiosity Shop.")

comrades and colleagues fall out and disagree. If the wing of friendship should never moult a feather, the Umbrella of Party should never be shut up or busted, but always expanded and serene. Why should a Grand Old Min and a Grand Young Min peg away at each other with mutual wiolence when all might be bliss and concord? Why not jine hands, and forgit it?"

"That's the talk," cried the portly one, jovially.

"Sir," replied Mr. SWIVELLER, "don't you interrupt the Chair. Gentlemen, how does the case stand upon the present occasion? Here's a hoighty Grand Old Min—I say it with the utmost respect—and here's a sperrity Grand Young Min. The hoighty-toighty G. O. M. says to the sperrity G. Y. M., 'I've brought you up and educated you; I've put you in the way of getting on in life; you have bolted a little out of the course, as young fellows often do; and you shall never have another chance, nor the ghost of half a one. The G. Y. M. makes answer to this and says, 'You're as uppish as uppish can be, you want everything all your own way, you haven't done half as much for me, as I've done for myself, and, for the matter of that, for you; you've had an uncommon long innings, yet you want all the batting to yourself, and the bowling too, —why can't you stand aside a bit and let the pick of the promising colts have a turn?' The G. O. M. unto this retorts, not only that he declines to stand out with that cheerful readiness which is always so agreeable and pleasant in a gentleman of his time of life, but that he will blow up, and call names, and make reflections whenever they meet. Then the plain question is, ain't it a pity that this state of things should continue, and how much better would it be for the old gentleman who is so fond of bossing the Show to fork over a reasonable amount of authority unto others, and make it all right and comfortable all round?"

Having delivered this oration with much unction and considerable incisiveness, Mr. SWIVELLER abruptly thrust the head of his cane into his mouth, as if to prevent himself from impairing the effect of his speech by adding one other word—at present.

* * * * * * *

"Before I leave the gay and festive scene and halls of dazzling light," said Mr. SWIVELLER, "I will, with your permission, attempt one other slight remark. I came here this day under the impression that the Old Min was friendly. Feeling that badgering, baiting, and bullying was not the sort of thing calculated to expand the souls and promote the harmony of contending parties, I take upon myself to suggest a course which is *the* course to be adopted on the present occasion. I'll put it in half a syllable:—The watchword to the Old Min, friendly or not friendly, is—Fork!!!"

* * * * * *

"THE LAST STRAW."

Benevolent Briton *discovered in the midst of his family, looking over his accounts.*

Benevolent Briton (*inspecting his cheque-book*). Well, my dear, I can only tell you that, what with the fall in rents, and bad times generally, together with the unusually large amount of charity calls that seem to have fallen on the end of the year, I am left with a very small margin indeed. Guy's, and the East London Palace, and the Church House, and the Southport business, and half-a-dozen other extras all tacked on to the account. 'Pon my word I don't think I can safely draw another penny.

Mrs. B. B. Oh, but we must find something for the "Orphans' Emigration Fund." You must let me have five pounds for that. We have always given it, you know.

B. B. (*drawing cheque*). Very well, my dear.

Eldest Miss B. B. And oh, Papa, there's the "Indigent Daughters' Industrial Home." You couldn't leave that without something. They're dreadfully in want of money.

B. B. (*drawing another cheque*). Ah, yes, to be sure, my dear. Very well, there you are.

Other Members of the B. B.'s Family (*in chorus*). And then there's the "Helpless Seamen's Assistance Association," and the "Aged Sempstresses' Refuge," and the "Blind Clergy Asylum," and the "Street Soup Fund," and the "Pauperised Foreigners' Mission." Oh, Papa, you must give something to these. They all want it dreadfully.

B. B. (*drawing the several cheques*). Well, well,—there you are. But now I really must stop. I've reduced my balance to two figures, and scarcely see my way to the end of the quarter. With the best will in the world one must really moderate one's expenditure in this direction. However, I think we've pretty well answered all pressing appeals. Anyhow if anything else "urgent" comes in, all I can say is, it must wait.

Post arrives, bringing the B. B. *an application, in an imposing envelope, from a Local Committee for a Subscription for the forthcoming "Imperial Institute."*

B. B. (*reading application*). Hullo! What's this? Want to raise a quarter of a million, do they? Well, they'll have to do it without me, that's all. Can't do it just now. I'm dried up.

[*Throws application into waste-paper basket, and returns cheque-book to drawer. And a great many other Britons, more or less benevolent, do likewise.*

PUNCH'S PROPHECIES FULFILLED.—Right again! Always Right! See *Mr. Punch's* Fancy Portrait, No. 44, Aug. 13, 1881, of the Right Hon. G. JOACHIM GOSCHEN, M.P., and the Cartoon Junior for Aug. 9, 1884, entitled, "*Un Mariage de Convenance*," about Lord SALISBURY and RANDOM CHURCHILL.

'CYCLING

Trips by D. Crambo, Junior.

Sigh-cling Union. Buy Sickle and Try Sickle.

Ball Bearings. Rubber Tires.

Tanned 'em? A Bone Shaker.

ORDER, ORDER!

THE *P. M. G.* last Friday asked whether "the Theatrical Managers in conjunction with Sir CHARLES WARREN could not introduce into London the simple and orderly feature of the French *queue*." The "orderly feature" already exists in the crowd at most theatre doors. Not that this is what the *P. M. G.* means, but the "*queue*" system might be more frequently insisted on at Railway Stations, on great race-days for example. When the crowd arrives unexpectedly, Sir CHARLES WARREN, or one of his agents, could be sent for. Sir CHARLES's intimation to the Managers would be a quotation, adapted from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "When your *queue* comes, call *me!*"

The New Catiline.

"*Abiit*"—He left the Cabinet.
"*Excessit*"—He used strong language.
"*Evasit*"—He said it was the Estimates.
"*Erupit*"—He joined the Radicals.

SONG FOR LORD SALISBURY.—"*Look at the price of Coal-ition!*"

SEASONABLE DISH FOR A LIBERAL BANQUET.

"COLLARD HEAD."

"RECULER POUR MIEUX SAUTER."

The Coming Harlequin . . . Lord RANDOM. *Clown* . . . The Celebrated "MATTHEWS." *Pantaloon* . . . Sir H. D. W-LFF.

THE BOUNDER!

(*An Example of "English 'as she is spoke' at the Universities."*)

CRIES ANGELINA, "EDWIN dear,
I've but imperfect knowledge
Of all the curious words I hear
You introduce from College,
And quite the latest that you've brought,
And use with iteration,
To me at least as yet untaught,
Indeed needs explanation.
So tell your ANGELINA true,
Nor let her further flounder,
Come quick enlighten her, now do,—
Do tell her what's a *Bounder*?

Then EDWIN thought, and then replied,
"It's easy of solution,
When on the cad you once have tried,
The spell of evolution, [know
Hence springs the 'Bounder,' whom you'll
By various signs that note him.
His tone,—more, he himself is low,
So those who know him, vote him.
His bills he always leaves unpaid,
He's also a black-mailer;
He gets his clothes all ready-made
From some far East-End tailor;
He wears a lot of showy rings,
Nor vulgar seems to find them;
He does a lot of nasty things,
But somehow does not mind them:
Plays whist with kings stuffed up his cuffs,
And uses them at poker;
Inordinately smokes and snuffs,
And is a clumsy joker;
The choicest china tea-cups breaks
At crushes never grieving;
Comes in a shocking hat, and takes
Another hat when leaving.
His company's the very worst,
He's always in some swindle;
He pays third-class and travels first,
His cheating tastes to kindle.
But there:—although perhaps I miss
A definition sounder,
You possibly may grasp from this
What is,—in short,—a *Bounder!*

OLYMPIA.—Here are a couple of suggestions for the entertainment. The races are too brief. They might give a Derby Day scene, or a representation of the Grand Prix. Then, instead of the present somewhat slow ballet which precedes the stag-hunt,—also too soon over, with not half enough adventures by flood and field for the space at their disposal—they might give us the Battle of Waterloo from a French point of view. BOULANGER might win it.

"O SHE!"

"*CHERCHEZ la femme!*"—that is, get "*She*" by RIDER HAGGARD, and read it. Very original romance with a coquettish heroine two thousand years old. It has four faults which prevent its being perfect, and these are: firstly, the low comedian *Job*, who is a dull and irritating person; secondly, the author's inability to restrain himself, even in what are intended to be the most thrilling situations, from occasionally letting you see how he is laughing in his sleeve at his own ingenuity; thirdly, the weak device of calling one of the heroes "*Mr. Holly*" for the sake of cutting jokes on the name; and, fourthly, the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the automaton hero in undertaking the last expedition. From time to time disappointing, it is, on the whole, an absorbing, though a carelessly constructed, romance.

With a Difference.

Tory. How is it that so many Public School and University men, after receiving a Liberal education, become Conservatives?

Whig. I don't know; but, at Election time, it's very remarkable that the Liberals turn out Conservatives, and Conservatives turn out Liberals. [*Exeunt severally.*

"TAKING STOCK"!

Wife (jealous). "WHO HAVE YOU BEEN GIVING A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR TO? THE OTHER DAY I COUNTED EIGHTY ODD, AND NOW THERE'S ONLY—NOT NEAR SO MANY—WRETCH!"

MONTY CRISTY'S MINSTRELS.

AT the Gaiety *Monte Cristo*, as a spectacle, is brilliant; Miss FARREN as its hero is as lively as ever, and Mr. FRED LESLIE as *Noirtier* (or as anybody else for the matter of that) is immensely funny. As long as Mr. FRED LESLIE is on the stage, no matter how he may be disguised, or what he may be doing or saying, the audience shouts with laughter; that is, during the First Act, for the laughter is only occasional and spasmodic in the other two Acts. Were it not for the versatility of this accomplished actor, the sprightliness of Miss FARREN, and the terpsichorean agility of some of the minor characters, this extravaganza, with its muddled plot, would be but a very poor affair.

From first to last, we did not catch one single witty line, and heard only one good bad pun that seemed to belong to the rhymed dialogue; that is, if the dialogue proper be in rhyme, of which, in the absence of any positive evidence, we have our doubts. When the audience laughed, it was more often at what was done than at what was said or sung, and when any utterance of the actors raised a smile, we rather fancy, judging from its irrelevance, that it was "gag," of which at this Theatre there has always been a liberal supply, the present company loyally keeping up the tradition. If the public approve and encourage the practice, and the authors do not object, what does it matter to anyone?

The music which, without being anything extraordinary, is not quite so brilliant as the costumes, but considerably brighter than the dialogue, is composed by MEYER LUTZ the conductor, and four talented assistants, so that it took seven persons to put this extravaganza together. If they had had seven more congenial spirits to help them, what a literary, dramatic, and musical treat would have resulted from such a rare combination of all the talents!

The authors, who, as we have been informed, are two single gentlemen rolled into one "Mr. RICHARD HENRY," are most fortunate in their actors, in their clever stage-manager, Mr. CHARLES HARRIS, and in Mr. EDWARDES, the present lessee of the Gaiety, who has put their piece on the stage with a liberality recalling the best days of the Hollingsheadian era, though it cannot revive the combined fun of such a company as NELLIE FARREN, KATE VAUGHAN, ROYCE, ELTON, and TERRY, all playing together, unequalled since the still earlier combination at the Strand, when MARIE WILTON, FANNY JOSEPHS, CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS, JAMES BLAND, JOHN CLARKE, and JAMES ROGERS, genuine actors every one of them, played H. J. BYRON's admirably-written five-scene burlesques, which were over in an hour and a quarter. In those days we laughed at the couplets, greeted the bad puns with an "Oh!" as if they had been rockets, and enjoyed the acting which was in the true spirit of burlesque.

We are no *laudatores temporis acti*, and willingly admit that Mr. LESLIE is an actor equal to any eccentric comedian, past or present, and superior to most of them as a singer and accomplished musician; but subtract him, with NELLIE FARREN, and what would become of such a piece as *Monte Cristo?* Even as a dramatic entertainment, *Monte Cristo* is not "in it" with its predecessor *Little Jack Sheppard*. Will Mr. LESLIE devote himself henceforth entirely to this eccentric line, firing off crackers, striking angular attitudes, depending for some of his humorous effects upon noises made at the wing, on deep notes of the trombone, and on any nonsense that may come into his head to say at the minute? Where is the playgoer who, remembering him in the Opera of *Rip Van Winkle*, does not hope that he may soon find a part worthy of his histrionic and vocal talents, and give up being the mere "Droll," which, by strict attention to this line of business, he will infallibly become.

At the same time we recommend anyone who is not particularly enthusiastic about "the Drama," but who loves the healthy after-dinner exercise of laughing even at utterly idiotic absurdity, and who may like a brilliant show and some cleverish dancing, to visit the Gaiety and see Mr. FRED LESLIE, Miss FARREN, the brilliant costumes, the pretty faces, and sparkling *mise-en-scène* of *Monte Cristo Junior*.

CHEMICAL DEFINITION OF LEATHER.—Ox-hide of Beef.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XII.—CAPTAIN HORSELIE GOWER.

CAPTAIN HORSELIE GOWER is the *raciest* man in all London, that is to say, there is no such theoretical authority on horse-racing about the West End of Town; practically the Captain is not to be quite so implicitly relied on, and even those wont to listen with reverence to the words of the oracle seem a little shy of backing his "good things." Still to listen to HORSELIE GOWER laying down the law about a forthcoming event in the smoking-room of the "Flag and Flourish," is to feel you are indeed behind the scenes and being initiated into the innermost secrets of the turf, and when dropping his voice he informs you that he "had it *straight*," you are conscious of being on the verge of attaining important information. "I had it straight," reiterates the Captain, "I was told it by BILL DOBSON, who's a great friend of LARKINS whose cousin trains in JOHN DAWSON'S stable. Cockamaroo, Sir, must win—tried with Brown Brandy at 21lb." Here the Captain's voice sinks lower and lower till nothing is audible but such snatches as, "10lb beating a ton in hand," "best thing out," and as you stroll homewards, you decide that no time is to be lost in getting a few pounds on Cockamaroo. You do so the next morning, and are still more impressed with the rather liberal odds that you obtain about that distinguished animal. From that out Cockamaroo fades gradually out of the betting, and is heard of no more, when you appeal plaintively to the Captain, he replies, "Yes, I believe they *did* rather fancy him, but they're always making mistakes in that stable," and entirely ignores that he had ever mentioned Cockamaroo, as a "good thing."

That is HORSELIE GOWER's way. It is no use reminding him that he told you such a horse would win a race. He invariably replies, with a lofty smile at your ignorance, "*I told you that the stable fancied it;* my own opinion was another matter."

The Captain in his vaticinations, deals chiefly in outsiders, there is something much too common-place for his vivid imagination in predicting the success of a horse whose antecedents point to his winning again. When you venture to suggest that you think the favourite will win the Leger, he replies, "Do you really now?" with that pitying smile of his which says clearly, Well, if you believe that, you will believe anything! "He's *safe*, my boy, in the pockets of the book-makers. Wait till we meet on Doncaster Town Moor, and tell me what you think of his chance then."

This does not commit the Captain to much, as you are as little likely to meet him at Doncaster as a red deer. He invariably talks as if he attended all such festivals, but except on rare occasions, at Ascot and Epsom, HORSELIE GOWER is never encountered on a race-course.

Still, HORSELIE GOWER is a sportsman all round, in his way, and it is quite possible that it is merely narrowness of means that prevents his developing into what he aims at being thought. He occupies a couple of rooms in the purlieus of St. James's, wears trousers rather tight in the leg, and a horse-shoe pin. His speech is garnished with the shibboleth of the turf. He will tell you that he's going to the Park, *if he can get the course*. If you ask him if he's going to his Regimental dinner, he will tell you that he is "a bit off, and struck out of all engagements,"—and was once heard to describe an acquaintance as "a good sort, but he can't stay; two brandies and sodas are his length."

To hear HORSELIE GOWER hold forth at the "Flag and Flourish," you would suppose that his betting transactions were on a somewhat extensive scale. He is given to talk about "having had a good race," "having got a nasty one over the Stakes," &c., but his relatives have no cause to be anxious about him on that score, as he is a consistent man and his betting pretty nearly as theoretical as his knowledge of racing generally. He is great at the drawing of club lotteries, and given to offering something under their value for the prominent favourites. He is busy with a pencil and a piece of a paper on such occasions, calculating the exact value of every horse in the betting, in relation to the lottery, and to do him justice he was taught arithmetic in his youth, and has a notable knowledge of fractions.

"Up in Scotland, this year, GOWER?" inquires young MORRISON, who lives solely for shooting and fishing, and is equally deadly with fly and trigger.

"No; deuced unlucky. Was to have shot in Perthshire with old JACK BELPER, but he wrote me word it wasn't worth my while."

"Not worth your while! Well, I don't know where JACK BELPER's Moor may be, but we'd lots of birds in Perthshire."

"Dare say," replied the Captain, "but JACK said he'd been done. Only hired it this season, you know, and the people who had it last, shot it down shamefully."

HORSELIE GOWER has never been seen with a gun in his hand by any of his acquaintances, and where he spends August and September is a sore puzzle to his intimates. He is usually off to the Moors to stay with somebody, but something always intervenes. Old JACK BELPER figures in many of HORSELIE GOWER's sporting narratives, and apparently came into the world for the express purpose of being rescued from all sorts of unpleasant animals and positions by the gallant Captain; a *nominis umbra*, who has never yet been visible in the flesh. In like manner with regard to hunting, HORSELIE GOWER is singularly unfortunate. To inquiries as to where he means to betake himself for that diversion, he unhesitatingly replies that he intends giving the Cotswold or the Atherstone a turn, and if any one expresses surprise at finding him lingering about the Club smoking-room during the winter months, his answer comes glibly as ever—

"How is it I'm not down in the Cotswold country? By Jove, old man, there's not much hunting for you when you get such a facer as I did over the Leger; stood to win a cracker on Roderick Random, and"—here the Captain's voice drops, and he becomes deeply confidential—"I don't believe he tried a yard."

Men who witnessed the race, would tell you that whether Roderick Random tried or did not try to win, made little difference in the issue.

But to see HORSELIE GOWER in all his glory, is to see him in the hall of the "Flag and Flourish," on the afternoon that a big handicap is to be decided, say the Cambridgeshire, when the tape is coming in, and being put up on the telegraph board about every twenty minutes. The Captain upon this occasion has stumbled on a horse at long odds and backed it with the tobacconist round the corner, with whom he usually does business, for a couple of sovereigns. The horse stands now at about half the price he got about it, and is considered by good judges as very likely indeed to be hailed the winner. HORSELIE GOWER, always very positive in his opinions, is demonstrating to the little knot around the telegraph board who are awaiting the issue of the big race that Cockchafer, bar accidents, must win.

"I picked him out directly I saw the weights," cries the Captain, "no one who knows anything about racing, could help seeing he was thrown in. Look at the way he gave Tycoon 10lb and a beating at Kempton."

Ha! here comes the tape—Cambridgeshire result—Tantalus 1, Mary Anne 2, Dolphin 3.

Captain HORSELIE GOWER indulges in a big big D. and strides silently off to the coffee-room bar to wash down that disappointment. He really had discounted that fifty or sixty pounds in his sanguine imagination, and was a little dashed at Cockchafer's ignominious performance.

There is a little disposition to poke fun at the Captain that night in the smoking-room, but he rises to the occasion.

"Chucked away, Sir, the race was literally chucked away. Saw old JACK BELPER just before dinner, who told me all about it. The boy got flurried, and just rode his horse's head off. Cockchafer ought to have won; don't tell me, he'd a stone in hand."

It is a very harmless amusement; Captain HORSELIE GOWER rarely leaves London. He has no other aim in life, and if his racing does cost him a certain small sum every year, it cannot be said that he does not have his fun for his money.

To a Place-Hunter.

WHAT, out of place? Well, man, take heart of grace,
Be this your comfort till once more you win it:
A man like you is *never* out of place——
Save when he's in it!

"SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS!"—The Representatives of the Government in Ireland, when they heard of the Chief Baron's severe remarks on the conduct of the Authorities in the Woodford case, exclaimed, "Who would have expected this from our 'dear old PALLES'!"

"THE WEAKER VESSEL."—There was an article with this heading in last Friday's *St. James's Gazette*. The title of the article caused a great sensation among "My Lords" at the Admiralty. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD hadn't time to read it, but wanted to know why on earth the writer didn't speak out plainly and say which vessel he meant in particular.

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